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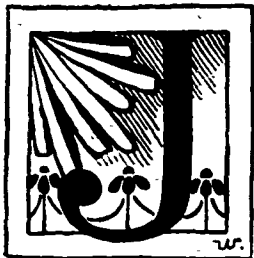
LAST bard whose music thrilled the Celtic soul,
Above thy dust there scarce is seen a line;
Should ever Freedom's light in Erin shine,
Your tomb a people's love shall aureole.
You writ your name upon the sacred scroll
That Homer's magic fingers first did sign;
And sang of Love, a theme that ne'er shall tine,
Long as the years or ocean billows roll.

We need no marble shaft your fame to save,
For through the ivy, zephyrs come and go,
Repeating faint the echoes of your song;
While ling'ring where Kilronan's waters lave,
The pilgrim hears in love's melodious flow
The blackbird to his mate your strains prolong.

PATRICK J. MACDONOUGH, '03.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

JOHN JOSEPH HENNESSY, 1902.



JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY was born in Dowth Castle, four miles from Drogheda on the south bank of the Boyne on the 28th of June, 1844. The persecution that ravaged the country had strengthened the piety and faith of his parents. Well might he cherish their memory, for they set him an example which in every respect he could take as his model. The first eleven years of O'Reilly's life were spent among places both romantic and inspiring. His home was only four miles from the Hill of Tara, and but three miles from the Hill of Slane, where St. Patrick lighted his fire on Beltane night. Two miles down the Boyne from Dowth Castle stands an obelisk one hundred and fifty feet high, which marks

the spot where King James lost the crown, which he did not deserve to wear. He says:

"When I was about nine years of age, some friend had gratified a craving which I had then to own a dog by presenting me with a brown, broad-backed, thick-legged, round-bodied, spaniel puppy about a month old. Its possession was one of the delicious incidents, and is now one of the delicious memories, of my life. That little brown, fat dog, that could not walk through the meadow, but had to jump over every tangled spot, and miss five times out of six, and fall and roll over where at last he succeeded, and have to be taken up and then carried—that little brown, fat dog, with his flapping ears and hard belly, and straight short tail, that wore the hair off his back with lying on it to play with the big dog, or with me; that never could trot, he was so fat and round; that always galloped or walked like an Australian horse; that was always so hungry, that he could never take his milk quietly, but must gallop up to it, and charge into it, and make himself cough,—the possession of that little brown spaniel puppy made me one of the happiest and proudest boys in Ireland."

At the age of fifteen Boyle left Ireland with an uncle of his, who was a trading merchant, and went to England. He was only one year there when his desire for active, manly work caused him to become a member of Company 2, Eleventh Lancashire Rifle Volunteers. Though now serving Her Majesty, he learned little by little the condition of affairs in Ireland, and his young heart burned with a desire to make her free and independent. Ever afterwards, even to his death, this desire held a foremost place in his heart. He returned to Ireland in 1863 at his father's request. Now his young mind saw the chances which lay before him for helping along his suffering countrymen. He enlisted as a trooper in the

Tenth Hussars, which was composed mainly of Irishmen, and these he intended to turn over to his own cause, and use them as so many tools against the crown.

Everybody admired his soldier-like qualities. He easily headed the list of troopers for discipline and acts of bravery. However, as everybody knows, Ireland was then full of spies. Some of those who showed great zeal in the furthering of the Fenian cause were actually English spies. By the aid of these spies O'Reilly was within three years arrested on the charge of high treason.

While he lay in prison, awaiting the trial through which he must go, he entertained little hope of ever rescuing his neck from the executioner's rope, and he was ever willing to give his life for his cause. In a letter written home from his cell, he says:

"Never grieve for me, I beg of you. God knows I'd be only too happy to die for the cause of my country. Pray for me; pray also for the brave, true-hearted Irishmen who are with me. Men who do not understand our motives may call us foolish or mad, but every true Irish heart knows our feelings and will not forget us."

On Wednesday, June the 27th, 1866, the eve of his twenty-second birthday, his trial by court-martial began, and on the 6th of July, his sentence was pronounced. He was to be hanged; however, this was commuted to life imprisonment, and finally changed to twenty years' penal servitude. Now may be said to begin the romantic part of his life. He was sent from one prison to another, and always from bad to worse. Mountjoy was the first place to receive him, but he was not left there long. He was shipped in chains to England and lodged in Pentonville prison. Very soon he was changed to Mellbank. Here he was allowed one privilege, which he cherished very much. He could read the Imitation of Christ. In his "Moondyne" he calls Mellbank a hideous hive of order and commonplace severity, where the flooding light is a derision. It may be well to remember that when a prisoner, such as O'Reilly, was sentenced to a term of years, it was the duty of the gaolers to regulate their treatment so that when the term was up, the prisoner, if alive, could come forth only to die.

Chatham prison was his next abode, and from it he made his first attempt to escape. Though unsuccessful he was not discouraged. He bore the additional punishment bravely,

and made a bolder resolve that some day in the near future he would escape the clutches of England. Within a month he was sent to Portsmouth, where he made his second attempt to escape, but in vain; his means of escape were too limited. A yet darker hole was now awaiting him. In chains he went to Dartmoor, where English cruelty towards political prisoners had reached its summit. The prison cells were only seven feet long, four feet wide, and a little over seven feet high. They were made of iron, and the ventilation consisted of an opening of a few inches at the bottom of the door. From early morning till late at night he was standing in water digging drains. From this hell upon earth he made his third attempt for freedom; but the obstructions to a safe retreat were too numerous; and he was recaptured and treated more cruelly than before. After four months at Dartmoor, he was almost a physical wreck. Portland was his next place of abode, and from it he left England forever for the land of his exile.

The convict ship *Hougoumont* sailed from England on October, 1867. It had on board 320 criminal convicts and 63 political prisoners. Among the latter John Boyle O'Reilly had a place. Here is a little taste of what O'Reilly had to say of this ship and its inmates:

"As I stood in the hatchway, looking at the wretches glaring out, I realized more than ever before the terrible truth that a convict ship is a floating hell. There swelled up a hideous diapason from that crowd of wretches; such a din of diabolical sounds no man ever heard. Only those who have stood within the bars and heard the din of devils and the appalling sounds of despair, blended in a diapason that made every hatch-mouth a vent of hell, can imagine the horrors of the hold of a convict ship."

After a voyage of three months, the *Hougoumont* arrived at Freemantle, Australia, on January 10, 1868. This was not, however, to be O'Reilly's destination. He was separated from the other political prisoners, and sent thirty miles down the coast to a place called Bunbury. Here he was set to work on the roads with a gang of the worst criminals. Thus we find the young poet wearing the convict's garb, and working with the spade and shovel in company with the "poison flower of civilization's corruption, stripped of all social hypocrisies, revealing the worst traits of depraved humanity."

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

His Birthday.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.

Only once in a year can a boy, especially a small boy, exercise the prerogatives which do not legitimately belong to him, and that is on his birthday.

Lennie Steele had looked ahead to his birthday with great expectancy. He did not know what kind of day it would be, how he would pass it; but he knew that it must be distinguished from the other days of the year. He still held grave recollections of his last natal day—how he had visited his cousin's, trounced the neighbor's boy and received a spanking for his valor. As remembrances of these unhappy occurrences came floating back to him, he was determined not to repeat them—especially the spanking.

That morning his mother had clothed him in his new suit. Lennie knew that the honor of his birthday demanded his appearance dressed in his finest clothes, yet he felt stiff and ill at ease. He could not play "teeder totter" on the lumber pile across the way, nor turn somersaults with Will Reeves, the boy next door; but then there was a sort of secret pleasure, a feeling of superior isolation, in being newly clad. He fidgetted around uneasily; he could not make mud balls and pitch them against the fence, and whenever he wished to sit on the green sward, first out came his linen kerchief. All in all, he was a most miserable young barbarian; clad as in a suit of mail, hampered in his natural movements, yet happy in his misery.

All morning he had remained in the front yard, on the porch, or in the house. With that strange yearning of a convalescent, who looks through the window-pane on a spring day, he had watched Will Reeves, Harry King and the other boys playing. He could resist the attraction no longer; he wheeled in the distance and reluctantly came slowly toward them. On account of his dress he felt timid in approaching them, for he knew not what his reception might be.

"Let's play hop-scotch, Len," said Willie.

Lennie was hastening to obey with alacrity, but he bethought of himself.

"I can't," he said.

"You can't?" they re-echoed in chorus.

"No," doggedly answered Lennie, "'cause it's my birthday."

"Can't play hop-scotch 'cause it's his birthday!" reiterated Homer Gleason, a narrow boy with a thin piping voice. "Oh! oh! can't play hop-scotch!"

"You couldn't neither, Homer, if it wuz your birthday," said Lennie, assuming false courage.

But the words, "can't play hop-scotch" appeared to have a peculiar fascination for this youthful group, and as savages who like to prod their suffering victim, they swooped down upon him, formed in concentric circles about him crying "Lennie Steele can't play hop-scotch." But fortunately a dog dragging behind a wagon diverted them a few minutes from their victim, and during this time Lennie prudently took sanctuary in his front yard.

Now he wished that he had played hop-scotch, even if his mother had warned him, when she was dressing him, not to soil his lace waist. He wished to trounce Homer Gleason, for he knew he could do it; but his mother's fatal warning about his clean waist kept ringing in his ears. He was now waiting for an opportunity to redeem himself; he could not fight on his birthday, and the morrow would be too late.

From the dining-room he heard three trilling calls without—trills by which the band used to assemble its members together. This was after the manner of Diamond Dick. They had read of Diamond Dick, and looked upon him as a prodigy of valor—a hero to be imitated.

"What is that, Lennie?" said his mother, as she noticed him moving toward the parlor window.

"Nuthin'," he answered. "Only the boys in front," he added in explanation of the "nuthin'."

"I do not want you to leave the yard to-day; I may need you, and be careful of your waist." This was her last command.

Outside the band were busily signalling him. Harry King, the apparent leader, guardedly held two fingers in air and the other members were going through the motions of diving and striking out with both hands. The two finger signal Lennie recognized, for it had come down in the safe keeping of the traditions of boyhood from times out of memory, and was used when small sisters were around. But Lennie did not answer as he came slowly down the front stairs. Here was the opportunity he wished for. If he refused he would be thought afraid, and then he could never

again brag with the same gusto as he was accustomed to use. But then his mother had implicitly forbidden him to leave the yard. Her command should be obeyed. He had been warned many a time about going near the creek, but the same restrictions had been placed on his companions.

"Come on, Len," said Will Reeves, "we'll be gone only a little while."

"When will you be back?" asked Len.

"O soon, answered Will. "Come on; don't be a scary cat; your mother won't know."

This last remark was a wise one and put the last straw on the camel's back. Lennie would be thought anything rather than afraid of his mother's wrath.

"I ain't afraid, am I, Ray?" he asked one of his henchmen, who nodded in the negative, and off he started with the band.

When the creek was reached the band divided. Some under the leadership of Harry King waded into the shallow water, and, using their hats as nets, tried to catch small fish; but Lennie remembering his mother's command to keep his waist unsoiled, contented himself with stealing upon butterflies and bull-frogs. One large frog sat temptingly on a rock. Lennie saw him and approached him cautiously with the intent of maiming him with one swoop of a stick. From rock to rock he stepped, and just as he raised his stick and let it descend, the bull-frog leapt, the water splashed, and Lennie, slipping from the rock, sank in the soft mud to the top of his shoes.

The shine on his shoes was gone; his hat was covered with dust; his hands and face of dubious cleanliness, and his waist covered with spots where in his enthusiasm he had pressed a frog to it. He had long overstayed the allotted time; and now stained and soiled, with his conscience pricking him, he started for home.

Along came the band; this stolen trip had been a pleasant one. Their hands and faces were stained, their stockings full of burrs and their shoes covered with mud. They all approached the neighborhood of home warily, and through alleys and by-paths sneaked into their back yards. Lennie was left alone. He knew that his absence must have been detected. If it were not, how could he explain his present appearance? He hovered in the distance and watched his yard, undetermined how and when to approach it. Diamond Dick's manner of approach and retreat had been entirely forgotten; here he must use

his own native wit. If he came through the back yard he would be seen; if he came through the front yard he would be seen; nor could he creep into the basement unnoticed.

Presently he saw a line of small boys and girls issuing from his house; they came in twos and threes, stragglers and in bands—all happy and full of spirit. As the last one left, Lennie saw his mother, his sister Ruth and brother Bob, all three standing in the doorway and newly clad. His mother saw him and motioned to him. Toward her he came, passing bands of boys and girls, his schoolmates, who now looked at him in mute surprise and avoided him as if he were a social leper. His heart thumped up against his ribs, and as he took a secret glance from the corner of his eyelids, he saw that his mother had no smile for him. Like a captive on the way to execution he came, and then he wished that he would fall and hurt himself, or that a mad dog or something else would rush along so that his mother might take pity on him.

"Where have you been?" she asked in a cold, dry voice.

"Nowhere," he answered.

"Nowhere?" she repeated; "I thought I told you not to go away to-day. Look at the condition of your clothes. Your father will attend to you to-night."

With this threatening punishment hanging over him, he came into his father's house.

"Lennie wasn't at his birthday party," said his younger sister Ruth.

And as the culprit saw the numerous things scattered about, he realized for the first time why his mother requested him not to leave the yard, and what he had missed—cakes, oranges, bananas and numerous other delicacies. His mother had sent to the four corners of the neighborhood in search of him when the little ones began to come in; but search as she would no tidings were brought home of the absent one; and without a leader the party had gone out. Some evil fate was always pursuing him, and although he shed copious tears at his present ignominy, his future punishment and his scattered expectations, yet these tears did not soften his mother's outraged heart, for she clothed him in his sister's frock and locked him in a bed-room.

There he lay on the bed and thought of many direful things. No one was good to him. If he could only die, then they would be sorry. He wished for some horrible calamity to fall upon the household, when he might

prove himself a hero; anything to make them regret their cruelty. While engaged in these and like reflections, his aunt opened the door. But he would scarcely have anything to do with her, and turning his face toward the wall he buried his sobs in the pillow. She had begged him off, and now found great difficulty in persuading him to enter the sitting-room. Here he sat sobbing with a heart almost broken and open for all sympathy.

"Mary, you are making this child suffer," said his aunt, and then the tears flowed more copiously from the wronged child's eyes. A few pieces of fruit which had survived the depredation of the angel children helped him to recover his equanimity. It is true that his spirit of confidence did not come entirely back to him, but now since he had been taken out of his straight jacket and clad in his vacation clothes, he wished to go outside.

Across the way, the members of the band who had escaped detection had built a fire; those who had not escaped were languishing ignominiously in some dark corner of their homes. Around the fire were many others who had laughed and eaten at Lennie's party, but they scarcely gave a smile to our hero as he placed himself among them. He had exercised diplomacy in reaching the fire. To approach it suddenly would draw all eyes on him. So he had trundled his hoop up and down, and then with a strong whack sent it close to them. He held his hoop in his hand, and as he gazed at the fire he scarcely deigned to exchange a smile or greeting with any of them. He would have recovered his spirit of confidence, and perhaps reinstated himself into the good graces of all about, but that little shrew, Minnie Gleason, who watches the fire at a safe distance, shouted in a shrill voice:

"Lennie Steele had his sister's dress on!"

Yes, his sister Ruth had betrayed his disgrace to her mates.

"I did not," cried Len. He would have slapped her if he were close enough, or at the least chased her home.

"Did you, Len?" asked Harry King.

"No, I didn't," he answered; but this denial seemed only to confirm their suspicions, and they withdrew from him letting him stand alone.

"Ah! had his sister's dress on," sneered Homer Gleason.

"His sister's dress on," chorused the others.

"No, I hadn't," repeated Lennie, rather weakly this time.

They grew courageous at this display of weakness, and Homer Gleason came close to him and said: "Ah, his sister's dress on!"

Lennie's cup of bitterness had overflowed more than once that day and he would stand punishment no longer. He had heard their jibes and sneers, and now when one whom he knew he could defeat had jibed at him, he knew that he must trounce him or lose all caste. On a former occasion, when they had unmercifully condemned him for "steps in his hair," he had fought his way back to their respect. And now he struck out mightily with both hands. He closed his eyes, and with his clenched fists went at them striking out in all directions. He did not cry, nor did he mind the many blows that were rained down on him; he was in to conquer, and his anger gave him strength. But as he was clearing the field of all combatants he slipped and fell bumping his nose on a stone and causing that unhappy organ to spout forth blood. The sight of the blood took away his physical and moral courage, and he rushed homeward making the air resound with lamentations.

As his mother wiped the blood from his face she said to his aunt: "Alice, I wish that this boy had been born on the 29th of February."

Myths and History.

JOHN P. O'HARA, 1902.

This critical age is so engaged in shattering the idols of the past that unexpected happenings no longer take place in the world of criticism. Judgments are in process of readjustment in every field of inquiry. History is getting its share of attention, and, as a consequence, many of the tales that have long passed muster as facts are retreating into the domain of legend. The familiar story of Wilhelm Tell, furnishes a very interesting example of this.

As everyone knows, it is told that in the early part of the fourteenth century in the reign of the Emperor Albert of Hapsburg a certain Gessler, deputy of Albert in Switzerland, placed a hat upon a pole as a sign of the imperial authority, and commanded that all who passed should bow to it. Wilhelm Tell, a Swiss mountaineer, refused to bow. He was immediately brought before Gessler who ordered, as a punishment, that Tell should shoot an apple off the head of his own son.

The apple was pierced and the boy remained unharmed. Gessler, however, had noticed that Tell took two arrows from his quiver before shooting and he now asked the reason. To which question Tell melodramatically replied: "To slay thee, tyrant, had I killed my son."

In support of the story men pointed to the fountain erected in the market-place where the boy underwent the ordeal. There is also a chapel, still standing, built in memory of the younger Tell. Besides this there is an immense statue of the hero in the village, and the great cross-bow he used is still preserved in the city of Zurich.

Now, it has been found that the story was first chronicled nearly two hundred years after the time set for it; that the name of Wilhelm Tell does not occur at all in the history of Austrian Switzerland, and that no Gessler ever served the House of Hapsburg there; nor can there be found any instance of oppression by the Hapsburgs in Switzerland during this period. Moreover, the story has been found, in more or less exactness of detail, among all the Aryan races and among many non-Aryan peoples, notably the Turks and Mongolians. These latter never heard of Wilhelm Tell, yet they narrate a story wonderfully like his.

How stories of this nature arose, if they are not founded on fact, has been a great question. Those who are called the solar mythologists refer them all to the movements of the heavenly bodies and to the forces of nature. They rest their contention on a great mass of evidence taken from ancient mythology and from the mythologies of races now in a savage state. They say that man in his first outlook upon nature knew motion and force only as attributes of living things. A personal life was thus given to the sun, the stars and the various phenomena of earth and sky. When he called the thunder the roar of a mighty beast; the lightning a serpent darting at its prey, or "the storm demon's outshot forked tongue," it was not a pretty conceit, but to him an actual explanation of these phenomena.

That man in the savage state still explains things in this simple way has often been remarked. It is his custom to endow everything with a personality. An Indian prefers a hook with which he has been successful to any number of hooks that have never been tried. An odd story is told in the "Smithsonian Reports" about an Indian that

was sent by a missionary with some loaves of bread to a friend. A note was sent along stating the number of loaves. The Indian ate a loaf on the way and was, of course, found out. He was again sent with some more loaves and a letter, and, wishing to repeat his theft, he placed the letter under a stone that it might not see him.

One of the most familiar of ancient myths is that which relates that the goddess Athene sprang from the brow of Zeno. Now, the philologists have found that the Greek "Zeus," the Latin "Deus" and the Sanskrit "Dyans," all come from an old Aryan root "dyu" meaning "to shine." The Sanskrit "dyu" when used as a noun means "sky" or "dayas," and "Dyans" is used in the same sense. Athene is the Sanskrit Atanâ, a name for the dawn. Hence, they say the myth represents merely the dawn springing from the forehead of the sky—the day breaking in the East. This myth never got beyond the gods, because it would have been necessary to tone it down a little to fit into a man's life, even among the imaginative Greeks. Some of these myths, however, have evidently passed into legend and history, just as impossible athletic records come down to us; records that were first attributed to a pseudo athlete in derision, but which his descendants afterward accepted as true.

Among all Aryan nations there is a legend of a hero who fights and destroys a monster, and in so doing confers great benefits upon his people. In Hindu myth the hero is the god Indra and his adversary, the god Vritra. India of old was probably the same as India of to-day where a long period of drought is followed by heavy rains. Hence, the power that kept back the rain would be looked upon as the great enemy. This power was deified in Vritra, the "Enveloper," who shut the rain-clouds up in caverns. Indra, on the other hand, typifies beneficent power, the sun-god, who, armed with spears and arrows, attacks Vritra and releases the waters.

Thus, we seem to have the forerunner of Perseus and Herakles among the Greeks, of Beowulf among the Saxons, and even of St. George and his dragon. Some probable occurrence of a hero's life served as a nucleus around which was clustered every variety of myth. A grateful people, through lapse of time, confused their own heroes with those of fable, and consequently the tales of a mythical age were raised to the dignity of history.

Varsity Verse.

IN AFTER DAYS.

WHAT matters it if, when my soul is fled,
 No slab denote the spot wherein I lie;
 And none my final resting-place descry
 Amid the multitude of honoured dead?
 If, while I lived, some noble impulse led
 My ev'ry act with fellowmen, and I
 With manly principle, did aye comply;
 But little import where will rest my head.
 Still; let my actions reach some docile mind
 That imitation may of virtue make,
 And pass a human, concrete model down
 To those that are to earnest precept blind.
 From this example they some good will take—
 The aim of ev'ry Christian, not renown.

P. P. McE.

TO A FRIEND.

Full oftentimes we chance to see
 A careless lover tossed
 On discontentment's restless waves
 Because a love is lost.
 And so with me, for once I felt
 You pressed close to my breast;
 Then life's dark storms were naught to me,
 When I with you was blessed.
 There came the time when men will change,
 I changed—alas! 'tis true,
 And others light and fickle came,
 And took the place of you.
 But they are gone, and strange it seems,
 I once on them could dote,
 For you grow dearer every day,
 My good old overcoat.

J. L. C.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

Infant Godhead Incarnate,
 Mother-maid Immaculate,
 Both so happy—in each other blest.
 She bent o'er her holy Child,
 He uplooking sweetly smiled,
 Snugly cradled in her soft, warm breast.
 Happy he whose fortune rare
 Would permit to see them there
 Like Joseph rapt in ecstasy,
 In his small shop, where angels longed to be.

W. H. T.

SONG.

The ship is waiting at the pier,
 Her pennant streams on high;
 And ere we part again, sweetheart,
 Oh! breathe a fond good-bye.
 The summer shone when first we met,
 No tear bedimmed your eye;
 Then let some ray of that glad day
 Illumine our good-bye.
 Away, away with childish grief,
 God's power is ever nigh;
 The love that's pure will aye endure,
 Weep not to say good-bye.

P. J. MacD.

The Little Hunchback.

JOSEPH P. S. KELLEHER, 1902.

(Translated from the French.)

There once lived in Cashgar, a town in Tartary, a tailor who had a very beautiful wife that he loved much. She, likewise, loved him. One day while he was working, a little hunchback stopped at the door of his shop and began to sing to the accompaniment of a tambourine. The tailor took great pleasure in listening to him and resolved to bring the singer to his home.

"With his songs," said he, "he will please my wife and myself this evening."

The hunchback gladly assented when asked; and accordingly they went to the tailor's home. The wife of the tailor had already set the table, and she served a plate of fish; then she together with her husband and the hunchback sat down to eat. While eating the hunchback swallowed a large fish-bone, and despite the efforts of the tailor and his wife, he was choked to death. Both the tailor and his wife were terribly agitated over the accident; for it had happened at their house, and they feared that if the news of it reached the ears of the police they might be arrested as murderers. The tailor, however, soon found a way of getting rid of all suspicions of the death of the hunchback.

"There lives in the neighborhood," said he to his wife, "a Hebrew doctor. Let you and I take the man to him as a patient."

They did so. When they rapped at the door of the doctor's house a servant descended and asked them what they wanted. He did not know them, for he had no light.

"Go up stairs," said the tailor, "and tell your master that we have brought him a sick man who must be attended to at once. Wait a minute," continued he, "I shall pay the doctor in advance; but tell him to hasten."

When the servant joyously went to tell the doctor about the sick man, the tailor and his wife quickly carried the dead body of the hunchback to the top of the staircase, left it there and returned to their home.

The doctor was overjoyed when the servant told him about the sick man, and he began to think that this was a sign of the beginning of a good practice. Musing thus, he hastened to go down stairs.

"Bring the light," said he to the servant, "and follow me." He did not wait for the light, however, but walked toward the staircase so quickly that he stumbled against the hunchback with so great a force that the hunchback rolled from the top to the bottom of the staircase.

"Come quickly with the light, Jean!" cried the doctor. When the doctor got the light, he went down stairs and found that what had rolled down was a dead man.

"Oh, God!" cried he, "how unfortunate I am! Why did I try to go down stairs without a light! I have killed the man that was brought here to be cured. I am lost! Alas! I shall be arrested as a murderer. Father Abraham, help me!"

In spite of his agitation he had the presence of mind to close the outer door lest some passer-by might see him and the hunchback. Then he took the dead body and brought it into his wife's room. She nearly fainted at so ghastly a sight.

"It is all over with us," said she, "if anyone sees us looking at a dead body in this manner. What a misfortune! How did you kill him?"

"I have no time to enter into details about him," responded the doctor, "let us find some way to get out of this difficulty."

They talked for a long time on what should be done. The doctor racked his brain in vain for a remedy, but could find none; however, his wife, more fertile in invention, exclaimed: "Let's take the corpse to the roof of our house and throw it down the chimney of our Mussulman neighbor."

The Mussulman was the steward of the sultan. He had charge of paints, oils, butter and many different kinds of grease. He had a storehouse at his house where rats and mice often made inroads.

The doctor readily agreed to his wife's proposition. They carried the body up to the roof, and then lowered it down the chimney into the room of the Mussulman. They made it stand erect against the wall as if it were alive.

In a short time, the Mussulman entered his house with a lantern in his hand. He had just returned from a wedding feast, and he was greatly surprised when, by the flicker of his light, he saw a man standing in his fireplace. Thinking that he might be a thief, he seized a large stick and addressed the hunchback:

"I thought that the rats and mice were stealing my butter and lard, and now I find that it is you who comes down my chimney

and steals them. You'll steal no more, I assure you."

Saying this he struck the hunchback several times with the stick. The body fell flat on its face. The Mussulman redoubled his efforts; but seeing that the man did not move, he suddenly stopped. When he saw that it was a dead man he was filled with grief.

"What have I done?" cried he beating his breast. "I have carried my vengeance too far. Oh, Allah, have pity on me! Save my life!" He turned pale, and imagined that he was already in a prison cell. He did not know what to do. He regained his self-possession, however, and deliberately set about to examine the dead body. When he saw that it was a hunchback, he grew quite angry.

"Dog of a hunchback," yelled he, "I would to Allah that you had stolen all my greases rather than that you should have placed me in this predicament! O stars that shine in the heavens send your light to my disordered brain! help me!"

All of a sudden a plan came to him. He slung the body over his shoulders, walked a short distance down the street, and placed the body in a standing attitude outside the window of a Christian's shop.

A few minutes before daybreak, the Christian, who also supplied the sultan with many things, was winding his way to the baths where he wished to refresh himself after a night spent at a ball. He was tipsy. He did not think that the day was so near, nor did he think that it was almost time for the Mussulman's morning prayer. When he turned the street whereon was his shop, he saw a man standing against his window. He thought that the man was a robber. He ran to the shop and struck the supposed robber again and again. Then the thought suddenly dawned upon him that if he were not out of sight soon he would be arrested; for it was contrary to the law for anyone to be on the streets during the morning prayer of the Mussulman.

The night watchman of that district heard his yells, and when he saw that a Christian was maltreating a Mussulman, he cried out: "What right have you to assault a Mussulman?"

"He has robbed me," answered the merchant. "It was he that first grappled me by the throat."

"You have avenged yourself enough," returned the watchman. "Be off with yourself!" Saying this he took the hunchback by the hand, but soon found out that he was

holding the hand of a dead man. Well," said he, "there is a Christian who has the boldness of heart to murder a Mussulman!"

He then arrested the Christian and locked him up in a cell until the judge would be ready to try him. While in the cell, the Christian grew perfectly sober, and began to reflect on how he had killed the hunchback.

Now, the hunchback was the sultan's buffoon, consequently, the lieutenant of police did not like to have the Christian punished until he had found out the will of his prince. He told the sultan that a Christian had killed a Mussulman; but forgot to add that the dead man was the sultan's buffoon.

"I have no mercy to show to a Christian," said the sultan. "Kill him."

When the judge heard this, he ordered the Christian to be hanged at once. Accordingly, the hangman took the prisoner to the gallows, and was placing the noose on his neck when the steward of the sultan, who happened to come along, cried out! "Hold a minute! Do not hang him. He is innocent. I am the guilty one."

The lieutenant gave orders to stay the execution, and asked the steward why he had killed the man. The steward told him how he had caught the man in his house, and in his anger had killed him, and had then placed the corpse outside the Christian's shop.

Since the steward declared that he was the real criminal, the lieutenant ordered the release of the Christian, and commanded the hangman to put the Mussulman in his stead. Just as the hangman was going to execute the new prisoner, the voice of the Hebrew doctor was heard praying for a stay of the execution.

"My Lord," said he, "the Mussulman that you would hang is not guilty of the crime for which he is charged. I threw this man downstairs and afterward lowered his body through a chimney into the house of the steward; I am the real criminal. I do not want to be guilty of the death of two Mussulmen. Take me then and put me in his place."

The Mussulman was set at liberty, and the doctor was prepared for execution; but, like the other two men, he was saved.

"Hold!!" cried a voice—it was that of the lieutenant—"here is a man who wishes to be heard."—It was the tailor.

"My Lord," said he, "have the patience to hear me. Yesterday while I worked in my shop, a man with a hump on his back began to sing outside my door. His singing amused

me so much that I asked him to go home with me and sing for my wife. He did so. While we were eating supper the hunchback was choked to death by swallowing a fish-bone. My wife and I were beyond ourselves with grief. We feared that we should be arrested as his murderers. Then we decided to rid ourselves of the dead body; and accordingly we brought it to the house of the Hebrew doctor and left it leaning against the baluster of the staircase. Then we returned home. I pray you to release the doctor and hang me."

Everybody was surprised at this turn of affairs.

"Release the Hebrew!" said the lieutenant, "and hang the tailor since he is the one that has killed the hunchback."

Now, the sultan was much displeased at the absence of his favorite buffoon, and commanded his officers to get him.

"Sire!" said one of them, "the hunchback that your majesty is uneasy about left the palace yesterday morning contrary to his usual custom, and this morning he was found dead. A man that was accused of killing him was on his way to execution when another man declared that he had killed the hunchback. Another came saying the same thing, and now, the Lieutenant of Police is occupied with a third who says that he alone killed the man. As yet no one is punished for the crime."

"Send a messenger to the lieutenant," said the sultan, "and tell him to bring the accused man here!"

The messenger arrived at the place of execution just as the hangman was tying the rope round the tailor's neck. "Hold!" cried he, "stop the execution!"

The hangman recognized the voice of the sultan's messenger, and untied the tailor. After the lieutenant heard the will of his prince, he took the tailor, the doctor, the steward, and the Christian merchant to the sultan's palace. He also brought the dead hunchback. When all arrived in the presence of the sultan, they prostrated themselves before him, and then the lieutenant related all he knew about the death of the sultan's buffoon.

The sultan found the story so strange and interesting that he ordered his secretary to make a record of it; and he released the men who had accused themselves of the murder.

"For," said he, "the hunchback died through his own fault. He was afraid of not eating enough, and in his gluttony he was choked."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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Reporters.

Card of Thanks.

In the name of the Board of Trustees and of the Faculty of the University I offer my most sincere thanks to the many friends of the institution who have sent us, by telegraph and letter, kind words of sympathy in the loss of our Gymnasium.

A. MORRISSEY, C. S. C.

An Appeal to the Alumni and Friends of the University.

At a meeting of the lay Faculty and students, called to take action in the rebuilding of the University Gymnasium, which was recently destroyed by fire, a committee was appointed to send a letter to the alumni and friends of Notre Dame, explaining to them the feeling prevailing at the University and asking them for contributions.

Letters and checks already sent in were one of the prime motives in inducing us to make this appeal, which the President and the Trustees were diffident in entertaining lest it might be misunderstood, although they were urged by members of the lay Faculty to take this step. The letter to be sent out is as follows:

Through the burning of the Gymnasium the University has suffered a severe inconvenience not only from the pecuniary loss, since the building with its equipment cost \$40,000, but because this loss came at the beginning of the winter season when a gymnasium is absolutely necessary as a place of recreation for the students, and for other reasons. Moreover, college men fully understand how important athletic standing is in American college life, and we can not hold our reputation without a gymnasium. We have a track team this year that should win the Western Intercollegiate Championship, but it will not do so unless we have a gymnasium.

We shall have a new gymnasium, the contract is already signed, but the University must go into debt to build it at a time when building material is unusually dear.

It should be distinctly understood that the University authorities are not a money-making body. They are Religious, who give their learning and work to educate boys intellectually and morally, and for their pay they receive only board, clothing and criticism. Within the past four years Notre Dame has spent \$298,616 on buildings and improvements, and every cent of that money is literally devoted to the students. The fees alone coming from the boys do not reach within \$10,000 of paying the annual expense for the education and boarding of these students.

The older an alumnus of Notre Dame grows the more he appreciates what she has done for him, and the bills his father paid for him while he was here do not settle his account. We, therefore, alumni and students of Notre Dame, appeal to you to help pay for the new building for the sake of old times.

A friend, whose modesty keeps his name hidden, sent in a thousand dollars after the fire; another friend gave a hundred dollars, "to buy a few baseball uniforms to replace in part those burned up;" another gentleman, who is not an alumnus, sending money, writes to the President: "The destruction of the gymnasium is certainly a double loss to the University, occurring just at this time on the threshold of a new scholastic year. But I notice that with your usual progressive spirit, you had commenced arrangements for the erection of a new building before the fire burned itself out."

A prominent lawyer of Indiana, whose son is at the University, sent a check the day after the fire, and he said: "I enclose you a small remittance toward the building-fund. It is small, but if every father who has a son with you, does as well, the loss will not be nearly so hard to bear."

Again, an alumnus, sending a subscription, wrote: "If the enclosed check will be of any help to you, you will do me a favor by accepting it. I trust alumni, better able than I, will not overlook this occasion for remembering the benefits conferred by Notre Dame University."

If you can send us any amount of money for the new Gymnasium, which will be larger and better than the one just destroyed, we shall gratefully appreciate your generosity. Send remittances to Austin O'Malley, Secretary of the Committee.

The Committee for the lay faculty:

MARTIN J. MCCUE,	JOHN G. EWING,
AUSTIN O'MALLEY,	WILLIAM HOYNES.

The Committee for the student body:

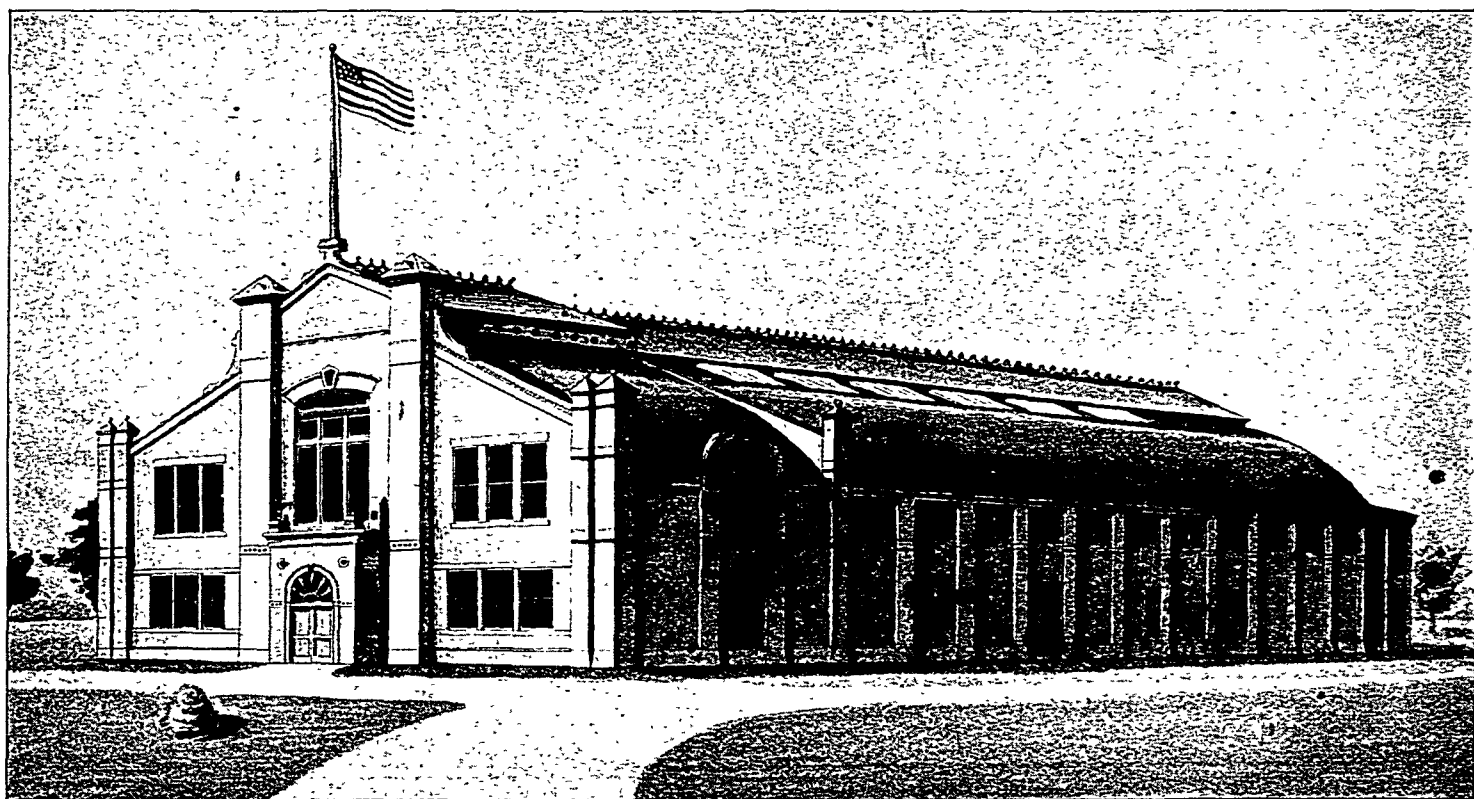
JOHN W. EGGEMAN,	PATRICK O'DEA,
J. FRED POWERS,	PATRICK J. CORCORAN.

Gymnasium Destroyed by Fire, Friday, November 9, 1900.

On Friday, November 9, 1900, Notre Dame was visited with one of the most disastrous fires in the history of the institution. Never, since the great fire of '79, when all the college buildings were destroyed, has the University suffered so great a loss. From some unknown cause, the new gymnasium, the largest and best equipped of its kind in the West, caught fire, and inside of an hour and a half after the first alarm was given, one of Notre Dame's most valued buildings had become a thing of the past.

The origin of the fire is not known. Students coming from class at three o'clock saw smoke pouring from the front door and

students reached the scene, the training rooms on the north side and the balcony in the large track room were in flames. The interior of this part of the building was finished in Georgia pine, oiled, and the fire spread rapidly over the first floor and burned its way into the Physical Culture room above. The roof above the balcony ignited, and by the time the South Bend firemen had their couplings made, flames were breaking through the sheet-iron roof at several points. The middle section of the roof went first, carrying with it a small portion of the south wall, and the roof at the east end soon followed. The roof above the Physical Culture room fell last, and with it went



windows, and they raised the cry of "Fire!" which brought students and Faculty hurrying to the scene. The N. D. U. firemen were soon on the ground, and made strenuous efforts to get the flames under control. An alarm was sent in at once to South Bend, two miles distant, and it was a quarter of an hour before the first company reached the grounds. A second alarm was sent in, and a second and third company came out from the city. The large Worthington pumps, set up just a week before the fire, were now given a thorough test, and soon four steady streams were turned on the burning building. But all efforts to save the building were vain; the fire had gained too good a start. When the first of the

the floor of the second story, and now only the four bare brick walls were left standing.

The building was erected two years ago at a cost of over \$40,000. It was formally dedicated on March 11, 1899, when Notre Dame defeated Chicago and Illinois in the first indoor track meet ever held at Notre Dame. The dimensions of the building were, approximately, 225 by 100 feet. The greater part was occupied by the large track room with arched roof supported by twenty iron girders. Here was one of the best thirteen-lap tracks in the United States and a forty-yard "straightaway." At the west end of the track room was a large gallery, capable of holding six hundred persons. At the east end of the building was

a regulation hand-ball alley and a smaller gallery with seating capacity of two hundred. The front part of the building was two-storied, the first floor being divided into rooms for the various athletic teams, and the second floor occupied by the large Physical Culture room, which was completely equipped with all modern appliances, at a cost of several thousand dollars. The training rooms were stocked with all kinds of athletic supplies. Here were the entire outfits of the baseball, football and track teams of the different halls, and one hundred and fifty lockers filled with goods belonging to students of Brownson, Corby, Sorin and Carroll Halls. In the trophy room were all the banners and prizes won

The Faculty here at Notre Dame realize that the student must be developed physically as well as mentally, and they were not slow to take action in the matter. Before the roof of the old building fell in, Reverend A. Morrissey, President of the University, and Rev. J. Zahm, President of the Board of Trustees, had called a meeting to take steps for the erection of a new building to surpass in size and equipment the one that was destroyed. Several meetings have since been held to consider the numerous bids for the erection and equipment of the new gymnasium, and the plans for the new building are already drawn up. The authorities are determined to rush the work to completion. Reverend President Morrissey addressed the

students in a few words after supper on Friday, and stated that the new building would be ready for use by the opening of the new year. The only delay will be in securing the large iron girders to support the arched roof, and work will be rushed on these.

Credit is due the South Bend firemen for their good work. they rushed out here at the first call and their exertions from the time of their arrival until the roof fell in were untiring. The fact that the "gym" roof was covered

with heavy sheet-iron in a measure rendered their efforts of little avail. But they did all that men could do under the circumstances, and are tendered the thanks of both students and Faculty.

On Thursday the task of reconstruction began. Men were set at work clearing away the *débris*. A scaffolding has been erected, and the bulging and injured parts of the walls are being torn down. In a short time everything will be ready to begin the work of erection proper. The contracts for the roofs and wall have been let already. Full particulars regarding the new gymnasium will be published in the near future.



by Notre Dame in the last four years. The building and contents were insured for about half value.

Setting aside the actual money loss, the burning of the gymnasium affects the University in another way. Several big indoor meets had been arranged for early in the season, one with the Universities of Chicago and Illinois and the other with Purdue and Indiana, and Captain Powers and his men were counting on some good early training immediately after the holidays. Without the "Big Gym" the baseball men also would be deprived of the early practice that did so much in developing the Western champions of last year; and the students would be deprived of the immense benefit to be derived from gymnastic exercises.

Notre Dame Plays at Madison.

During the long history of athletics at Notre Dame never before was one of her teams so badly beaten as was our football eleven at Madison last Saturday. The Wisconsin players and supporters were greatly surprised at the way in which our eleven was pushed up and down the gridiron, and our fellows could not understand in the least how it all happened. The Madison team simply lined up, called their signal, and some cardinal player would be seen tearing around the end or hurdling the line for a good gain. Our fellows appeared to be out of the game altogether from the very start. To the unfairness of the officials Wisconsin owes a great deal of her big score. In the beginning of the game, when an advantage one way or the other counted for much, Notre Dame lost the ball on two occasions for holding in the line. To any unbiassed spectator the Wisconsin men appeared to be liable to such penalty much more frequently than our fellows did. But after every scrimmage the umpire invariably came up to one of our men and threatened to put him out of the game for holding. Not once did he speak to the Wisconsin boys, and they were guilty of holding in every line-up. The officials were either unfair or incompetent, but from their experience in this capacity we are inclined to think they ruled often with their eyes open.

But aside from the fact that we were given the worst of the decisions there are other things to account for our defeat. One other great advantage that Wisconsin had was a good set of cleats on every shoe. Our fellows were unusually slow in starting on the plays. The mud was so thick that it stuck to their shoes in clods and rendered their short cleats of no use whatever. The Wisconsin men on the other hand took a firm hold with their long cleats and started much faster than we did. But the principal reason that that horrible score was sent home from Camp Randall was that the Wisconsin eleven were somewhat superior to ours. We have some excellent individual players, and they had been coached well, but the Wisconsin men had the advantage of our fellows in some respects, and it may be in the knowledge of the game. Almost all the members of this year's team at Wisconsin have been at the University and trying for the eleven for three or more years. In this way

they have had many opportunities to improve, and have had the advantage of the best possible coaching during that time.

Throughout the game our men appeared to do steady work, but we had the ball in our possession for so short a time that we can not tell what our men could have done on offensive play. John Farley was injured during the first ten minutes of the game and could not be expected to carry the ball. Kuppler plunged through a hole that Jim Farragher made against the great Curtis for four yards, and Fortin took advantage of Farragher's good work with Curtis to march through the same place for six yards. Give each of the backs another yard and two to Farragher and we have all the gains made against Wisconsin aside from Farley's punts. Cochems, Larsen, Curtis and Riordan ran between end and tackle with monotonous regularity, and Driver and Schrieber tore up the line without trouble.

The game was lost at the start. Winter drove the ball forty yards to Larsen, and the fast half-back skimmed down the field for twenty yards before he was downed. Larsen, Cochems, and Driver then carried the ball to the middle of the field in straight gains when Larsen fumbled the oval and we got it. Farley and Kuppler failed to gain, and Farley punted thirty-five yards to Cochems who returned the ball ten. Cochems was tried at right-end twice but failed, and Driver punted forty yards to Farley. Capt. John, to the surprise of Notre Dame supporters, fumbled the ball, and Curtis fell on it on our twenty-yard line. Driver, Curtis, Riordan and Larsen ran the ball to our five-yard line, and Cochems skirted right end for a touchdown. Tratt kicked the goal, and the game was Wisconsin's after ten minutes' play. Cochems made another touchdown at the end of the first half which Capt. Farley protested, but the protest did no good.

THE LINE UP.

WISCONSIN		NOTRE DAME
Abbot, Doar	L E	Sammon
Chamberlin, Schrieber	L T	Farragher, Cullinan
Riordan	L G	Gilman
Skow	C	Winter, O'Malley
Lerum	R G	Staudt
Curtis	R T	Fortin
Juneau	R E	Hayes
Tratt	Q B	Diebold
Cochems, Marshall	L H	Kuppler
Larsen, Crupp	R H	Farley, Glynn
Driver, Schrieber	F B	Lins

Touchdowns: Larson, 4; Cochems, 3; Juneau, 1; Marshall, 1. Goals from downs: Tratt, 9. Referee, Anderson. Umpire, Alexander. Linesmen, Powers and Senn. Time-keepers, McCowan and Yockey. Time of halves, 30 and 25 minutes.

The Preps at Benton Harbor.

For the first time in two seasons of football playing the Preps failed to defeat their opponents. The fact that they can play the game far better than any team their equal in weight counted only insufficiently in their game with the strong college team at Benton Harbor. They succeeded in holding their opponents down to ten points, while failing to score for themselves. The field was heavy with slush and snow; a strong wind drove sleet into the faces of the players, and the ball was so slippery that when the Preps succeeded in getting possession of it they lost it soon on fumbles. Their opponents were altogether beyond them in weight, and were well trained in football. One of them has played against the Notre Dame Varsity with the Michigan Agricultural College, another learned the game at Ann Arbor, and the backs had excellent interference for end runs, quite similar to that used by Beloit against the Varsity last week. The fact that they advertised the game by the unwarranted statement that the Preps "have in practise games repeatedly torn through the Varsity line and made touchdown after touchdown," may make it seem a victory for the Preps that they were not beaten by a much larger score: the Benton Harbor boys were prepared for a strong contest.

Phillip's fumble of Benton Harbor's kick-off gave the Twin City men an easy chance for a touchdown which they made without kicking goal. On resuming play the Preps braced. Brilliant tackles by Warder, Davis, Petritz and Hubbell kept the ball away from the Preps' goal. In the second half Benton Harbor struck the right end successively, and succeeded in wearing out Farabaugh, and though Davis played great ball, "Gallitz" was too tired to do very good work towards the end of the game. A second touchdown was made, making the score 10 to 0. When the Preps finally got possession of the ball they showed ability to make gains, Strassheim making eight yards, Davis ten, Farabaugh eight and Petritz three, just before time was called. Warder and Stich distinguished themselves on occasions, the latter for a brilliant tackle that prevented a touchdown for Benton Harbor. Aided by the other players, Krug, Stephan, Hubbell, Phillip, and Hughes, they prevented their opponents from making a total of more than nine yards through the line.

Exchanges.

We know the foolishness of judging a book by its cover, but yet there seems to be an exception to this rule in the case of college magazines. The *University of New Brunswick Monthly* puts forth a bright attractive cover, and the quality of the articles runs thus: The verse on "The Wind's Word" has an easy running flow; the paper on "The French Language in Canada" is interesting, and the essay on Tennyson shows a strong admiration and appreciation of that poet.

* *

The *Niagara Index* depends for its standing more upon the solidity of its articles than their lightness. The sentiment expressed in the "Tyro's" desperate hunt after a literary model on which to express his genius, strikes a responding chord in our hearts. The time will come when we too shall be subject to similar ills, and with Marc Antony we shall cry: "If you have tears prepare to shed them now!" "Looking Backward" is an estimate of the progress the Catholic Church has made in the United States during the last century. The author is in harmony with his subject.

* *

The true poetic spirit seems not to have possessed the writers of verse in *The Mount*, when they were giving birth to their artistic conceptions. The prose, however, is better. The paper on Edward Burns Jones brings out the sweet disposition of that artist and endears him to us. "The Heirloom" is a peculiar story with a touch of originality, but the *dénouement* is too sudden and unexpected. The other papers on "Conversation," "Athens," and Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," reveal interesting styles.

* *

The spirit of St. Francis was the dominant force reviving and purifying the religion of the thirteenth century; the more we meditate on him the more we love him. The writer who contributes a paper to *The Laurel* on "St. Francis as a Literary Factor" enters into the bond of sympathy with him, and endeavors to show the influence of the Franciscans on the literature of Europe for centuries afterward. Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Tasso, Lope de Vega and Calderon were Franciscan Tertiaries. It redounds to the glory of St. Francis that these brilliant men are in a measure his debtors.

Athletic Trophies to be Restored.

Regrets for the loss of the Gymnasium are needless. There is no doubt now but that it will soon be replaced by one just as good. There is another loss, however, that is a consequence of the total destruction of the "Gym," and that is the burning of the trophies that were kept there. The banners and cups that constituted these trophies are the result of many a hard-fought track meet. There was a goodly number of them, and all were won in a few years by our brave fellows of the track and field.

Now, there is scarcely any probability that these will be replaced by duplicates unless we, the students, do so ourselves. It is a personal matter with us; and it is not one of great cost if all the halls will co-operate in restoring them. The question may be resolved into this proposition: Do we or do we not value the efforts of our athletes in track and field enough to replace the trophies that have been won by them?

Sorin Hall has taken the initiative in this matter, and the students there have virtually consented to help to restore the burned trophies by appointing a committee who are to find out how the other men of the University regard the getting of duplicates. It is to be hoped that all the halls will work together in getting them, for if all do so the individual expense will be light.

Local Items.

—NOTICE.—At the entrance to the Students' Office there is a box for contributions to the SCHOLASTIC. It is meant for locals, personals, or notes of any kind that may be of general interest. All contributions should be placed in the box not later than Thursday, if the contributor wishes that they should be published on the following Saturday of the same week.

—Those who desire to take up typewriting should apply at once. Several new machines have been purchased.

—Coaches Hart and Denkin are training very carefully, the St. Joe Anti-Spacias. They meet the Mexican "Tigers" in next Sunday's game.

—Last Wednesday two teams captained by J. Lantry and G. Farabaugh played regulation basket-ball. The latter's team won by a score of 11-7.

—Thursday there was played both regulation basket-ball and indoor baseball. In Carroll Hall gym. This will develop material, and perhaps a good team may be chosen to represent Carroll Hall.

—The Seneca Athletic Organization elected Mr. Rush as manager of their teams, and

under this new management they played their first football game Sunday against "Janitor Bones" all stars, a team representing all Halls except the Minims. The Seneca's won by a score of 6-0, but "Janitor Bones" can not make it out. He is very much put out about it.

—DEAR ED.—Kindly give me the name of the reporter who wrote some things about me last week, and oblige,
Yours truly,

A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

DEAR MR. TRUTH SEEKER.—The information you seek may be found in the weekly number of our paper, in which is a list of the reporters. No doubt the defaulter will be manly enough to admit his act when you question him.
Yours truly.—ED.

—The Philopatrians held their regular meeting and rendered the following programme: Impromptu, Messrs. O'Donnell and Buchnor. Mr. Uckotter gave a poem on the death of Willie Bryan. Mr. Talcott gave a brief sketch on the life of our next President. Mr. Strasheim gave a description of the Preps' game at Benton Harbor. Mr. Dwan entertained the society with his latest song entitled "Umtabo's Ship Ride." Mr. Gatens gave a selection entitled "Our Way lies There." Mr. Caspar sang a song which pleased the society very much. The Philopatrians' journal was read by the Corresponding Secretary. The debate was decided in favor of the affirmative. Affirmative, Messrs. McCormick and Quinn; negative, Messrs. Talcott and Foley. A very interesting programme has been arranged for the next meeting.

—The case of Wilson vs. Martin was tried before Judge William Hoynes and a jury in the Moot Court Thursday morning. This being the first case tried this session, much interest was manifested in its result, and the court room was crowded with law students and spectators. Barry and O'Meara were the attorneys for the plaintiff, and McInerney and McGee represented the defendant. The action arose out of a horse trade and a subsequent agreement made in consequence of the horse's death. The plaintiffs' opening was made by Mr. O'Meara, and the defendants' opening was made by Mr. McInerney. The closing arguments were made by Mr. McInerney for defendant, and Messrs. O'Meara and Barry for the plaintiff. The charge to the jury was fair and impartial. The jury returned a verdict for the defendant. Damages, \$75 and costs.

The case of Black and Michigan Central R.R. Co. was tried in the Moot Court Thursday afternoon. Gallagher and Mitchell were attorneys for plaintiff, and Yockey and Cooney represented the defendant. Black was a brakeman and this action was brought for injuries through the alleged negligence of the railroad company. The jury returned a verdict of \$1000 and costs for plaintiff.

—Found a diary in smoking-room of Sorin Hall. Owner can have same by calling at this office and proving property. The following is the contents:

SUNDAY—Got a headache this morning. The Shining Legal Light around the corner of the corridor is anxious to play the fiddle and is somewhat deaf. This combination in the one person has served to make life miserable for his neighbors. Last night he ventured to take up his fiddle, and struck up a scale of "We shall meet on that beautiful shore." The practice is bad enough, but when the player thinks it necessary—as this one does—to thump his foot on the floor with much force to keep the time, there is misery.

MONDAY—Feel kind of sore to-day. Received a postal card from the town committee announcing that naturalization papers could be obtained over at the little school house from now on. I always prided myself on being American born, if nothing else, and the insinuation that I was supposed to belong to the foreign element threatens to cause a defection from the Republican ranks.

TUESDAY—Went over to the school house to vote. Thought I would have a chance to save the country from the possibility of having Filipino and Chinese hodcarriers, but the men in charge of the voting place were so slow I would now be part of the real estate if I waited.

WEDNESDAY—Had a long talk with the President of the Republican club. For the first time in my life, I noticed how much of a thing that means nothing of anything a person can say, and still, while he is saying it, the things he is saying have meaning, notwithstanding that what they mean does not amount to enough for the person who is saying the things which are being said to listen to.

THURSDAY—Received a letter to-day and feel out of sight. A friend of mine on the third flat started to wear nose-glasses to-day. He says it seems just like balancing a broomstick on the end of your nose. Guess, I will get a pair.

FRIDAY—Accompanied the team to Madison. Stopped at Chicago to see the sights. Went into a "Shenny's" store and intended to play the "Silent One." A great big six-footer came over to me and said, in a tone that almost froze me, "Say, young feller, what do you want?" I decided I could speak, and said I had got into the wrong place. He said he guessed I had.

SATURDAY—Had a fine time at the game. Told several young ladies my name was Pat O'Dea, and I guess they believed me, for I had a very pleasant time.

SUNDAY—Arrived at the University all right. I have decided to wear my white hat, as it goes on easier than my derby.

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